

The Tragedie of Hamlet

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peeuish opposition
Take it to heart, he, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the World take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going backe to schoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrograd to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eie,
Our chiefeest Courtier, Cousin, and our sonne.

Qu. Let not thy mother loose her praiers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madame.

King. Why, tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madame come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocund health that *Denmarke* drinks to day,
But the great Canon to the cloudes shall tell,
And the Kings rowse the Heauen shal brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flourish. Exeunt all.*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, but *Hamlet*.
Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His Cannon gainst seake slaughter, O God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this World
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded Garden,
That growes to seed, things ranke & grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereely that it should come thus

But

Prince of Denmarke

But two moneths dead, nay not
So excellent a King, that was to
Hyperion to a Satyre, so louing
That he might not beteeame the v
Vise her face too roughly: heau
Must I remember, why she shoul
As if increase of appetite had gro
By what it fed on, and yet withi
Let me not thinke on't; frailtie
A little month. Or ere those sho
With which she followed my po
Like *Niobe* all teares, why shee
O God! a beast that wants disce
Would haue mourn'd longer, ma
My fathers brother, but no more
Then I to *Hercules*, within a mon
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighte
Had left the flushing in her gaul
She married Oh! most wicked s
With such dexteritie to incestio
It is not, nor it cannot come to
But breake my heart for I must h

Enter Horatio, Marcellus.

Hora. Haile to your Lordsh

Ham. I am glad to see you w

Hora. The same my Lord, an

Ham. Sir my good friend, I
And what make you from *Witte*
Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see y
But what in faith make you fro

Hora. A truant disposition g

Ham. I would not heare yo
Nor shall you doe my eare that
To make it truster of your owne
Against your selfe, I know you
But what is your affaire in *Elfo*
Weele teach you for to drinke